

Story 1339 (Dictated)

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in Hatay Province

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The Hoca and the Drought

One day, Nasreddin Hoca happened to be visiting in a small village which had had no rain for many weeks. The villagers, despite great care in the use of their water, had at last found themselves reduced to just a cupful or two for each family.

"Oh, Hoca," begged one of the men, "please do something. If this drought continues, we shall all die

Do something about rain? Rain was in the hands of Allah. No one could be certain when it would rain. Suddenly the Hoca smiled. "Bring me a bucket of water," he said, "and, Allah willing, the rain will come

The villagers hurried to bring their small hoards of water, a cup here, a cup there. With all their supplies, they could fill no more than a little pail

To their astonishment, the Hoca removed his shirt and began to wash it in the precious water. "Aman, Hoca!" said one of the men. "How can you do that? We have been saving that water to preserve the very lives of our children!"

But the Hoca made no response at all, either to this

protest or to the increased grumblings that followed. He scrubbed earnestly at his shirt until it had been thoroughly washed. Then, wringing it out carefully, he hung it on a bush to dry.

No sooner had the shirt been safely draped over the bush when the skies opened and a veritable cloudburst came. Drenched by the welcome rain, the villagers gathered around the Hoca and asked him how he had managed such a miracle. "Well, you see," said the Hoca, "I never yet have hung my clean shirt out to dry but what the heavens have sent a regular deluge!"